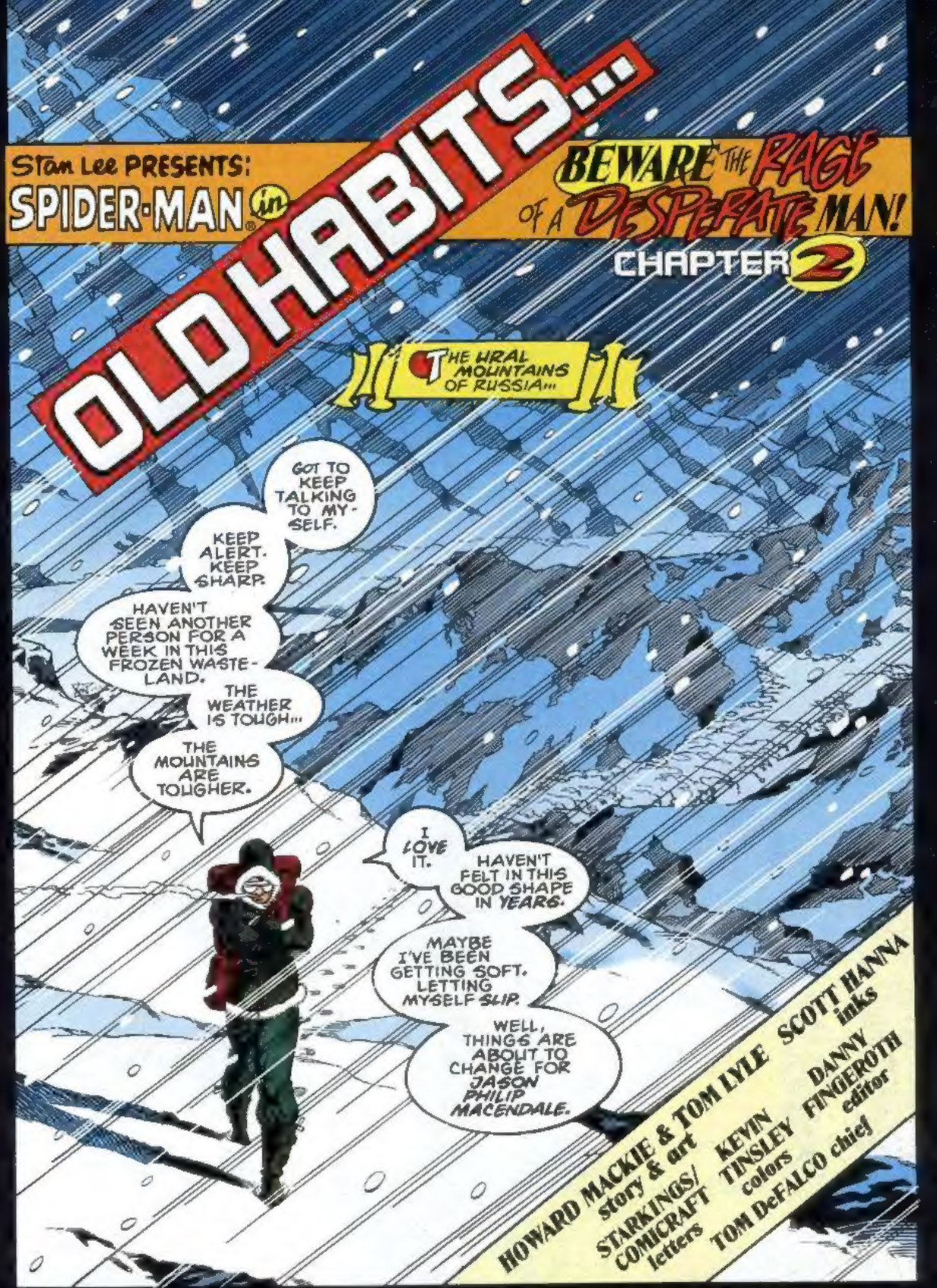
MARVEL comics
BEWARE THE RAGE OF A DESPERATE MAN
PART 2
SPIDER-MAN
$1.95 US
$2.65 CAN
47
JUN
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
SPIDEY ON THE EDGE OF MADNESS!
HOBGOBLIN ON A QUEST FOR POWER!
AND WAIT'LL YOU MEET THE SON OF KRAVEN!
Tom Lyle
DIRECT EDITION
04711
7 59606 01321 0


Stan Lee PRESENTS:
SPIDER-MAN in
OLD HABITS...
BEWARE THE RAGE OF A DESPERATE MAN!
CHAPTER 2
THE URAL MOUNTAINS OF RUSSIA...
GOT TO KEEP TALKING TO MYSELF.
KEEP ALERT. KEEP SHARP.
HAVEN'T SEEN ANOTHER PERSON FOR A WEEK IN THIS FROZEN WASTELAND.
THE WEATHER IS TOUGH...
THE MOUNTAINS ARE TOUGHER.
I LOVE IT.
HAVEN'T FELT IN THIS GOOD SHAPE IN YEARS.
MAYBE I'VE BEEN GETTING SOFT. LETTING MYSELF SLIP.
WELL, THINGS ARE ABOUT TO CHANGE FOR JASON PHILIP MACENDALE.
HOWARD MACKIE & TOM LYLE story & art
SCOTT HANNA inks
STARKINGS/ COMICRAFT letters
KEVIN TINSLEY colors
DANNY FINGEROTH editor
TOM DeFALCO chief

SPIDER-MAN® Vol. 1, No. 47, June, 1994. (ISSN #1053-5667) Published by MARVEL COMICS, Terry Stewart, President, Stan Lee, Publisher, Michael Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, NY 10016. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright © 1994 Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $1.95 per copy in the U.S. and $2.65 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: $23.40 U.S.; $35.40 foreign, and Canadian subscribers must add $10.00 for postage and GST. GST #R127032852. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. SPIDER-MAN (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO SPIDER-MAN, c/o MARVEL DIRECT MARKETING INC./SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., P.O. BOX 1979, DANBURY, CT 06813-1979. TELEPHONE # (203) 743-5331. PRINTED IN CANADA.

GLAD THAT KRAVEN'S LITTLE BOY ISN'T LIVING IN SOME COZY LITTLE DACHA BY THE CASPIAN SEA.
I NEEDED THE TREK THROUGH THIS HARD TERRAIN TO CLEAR MY MIND...
...TOUGHEN MY BODY.
ALL THE OLD SURVIVAL SKILLS ARE COMING BACK.
I WAS A MERC. I WAS THE BEST.
AND WITH THE HELP OF VLADIMIR KRAVINOFF, I'M GOING TO BE THE BEST AGAIN.
WHETHER HE IS CO-OPERATIVE... OR NOT.
AH! FINALLY A LITTLE COMPANY.
YOU'RE LOOKING A LITTLE HUNGRY, BOYS.
HUNGRY ENOUGH TO ATTACK A MAN.
LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING...
...YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW HUNGRY THIS MAN IS!
LET'S DO IT!

RYKER'S ISLAND, NEW YORK CITY.
WHEN ARE THEY PICKING HIM UP?
WHAT'SA-MATTER, MIKEY-- A LITTLE SCARED OF THE DEMOGOBLIN?
THAT'S RIGHT, JACK! YOU TAKE A LOOK AT THAT THING? HEAR HOW MANY PEOPLE HE'S KILLED? HE SHOULDN'T EVEN BE HERE. WE'RE NOT EQUIPPED--
DON'T SWEAT IT. THIS CELL AND THE RESTRAINTS THEY HAVE HIM IN WILL KEEP HIM QUIET UNTIL THE GUARDSMEN FROM THE VAULT GET HERE. JUST STAY SHARP.
YEAH. SURE.
WHAT HAVE I COME TO?
HOW COULD I HAVE STRAYED SO FAR FROM THE PATH OF RIGHTEOUSNESS?
TO ALLOW MYSELF TO BE RESTRAINED AND HELD CAPTIVE IN THIS DEN OF SINNERS IS A TORMENT THAT TEARS AT MY VERY SOUL.
I CANNOT CONTINUE LIKE THIS.

I CAME TO THIS DIMENSION, BOUND TO THE MORTAL, MACENDALE, BY N'ASTIRH.
I WAS DIVERTED FROM THE PATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS...
...THE PATH OF DESTRUCTION OF SINNERS.
SO MUCH CONFUSION ENSUED.
TO ALLOW MYSELF TO BECOME OBSESSED WITH MACENDALE...
...ONE WHO WAS MORE THAN A BROTHER TO ME...
...WAS MY GREATEST MISTAKE.
EACH STEP AFTER THAT TOOK ME FURTHER FROM MY PATH...
...UNTIL FINALLY I ALLIED MYSELF WITH CARNAGE AND THE OTHER KILLERS.
NOW I AM HERE.
I HAVE SINNED AND I AM BEING PUNISHED.
THE TIME FOR REDEMPTION IS AT HAND.
LET IT BEGIN NOW!

TWO HOURS LATER...
SPIDER-MAN ARRIVES AT RYKER'S ISLAND...
...A PRISON UNDER SIEGE!
I DON'T WANT TO BE HERE.
I'VE HAD ENOUGH, BUT...
...DUTY CALLS.
CAN'T EVEN MUSTER THE ENERGY TO FEEL ANGRY RIGHT NOW.
IT'S THE SAME OLD THING OVER AND OVER AGAIN.
EVEN MY COMPLAINING ABOUT IT IS GETTING STALE.
OKAY, DEMOGOBLIN...

... LET'S DO IT ONE MORE TIME.
OKAY, MEN, LOOKS LIKE THE FIRST OF THE HEROES HAS ARRIVED.
N.Y.P.D.
HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW, WEB-SLINGER?
I CAUGHT THE EVENING NEWS, WARDEN.
GOOD- THEN YOU KNOW AS MUCH AS WE DO.
YOU THINK YOU CAN STOP THAT THING BEFORE HE *SLAUGHTERS* THE ENTIRE PRISON POPULATION?
I CAN *TRY*.
HEY, SPIDER-MAN, HOW ABOUT SOME PHOTOS FOR THE *BUGLE*?
THAT *TOPS* IT. I'M GOING TO BE SCOOPED BY *LANCE BANNON*.
I WANT TO GO TO BED.

RUSSIA...
I'LL BURY MOST OF MY GEAR OUT HERE.
WANT TO MAKE SURE I HAVE A BACK DOOR OUT.
SO, THIS IS IT.
THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF KRAVEN THE HUNTER.
LOOKS LIKE THE WELCOMING COMMITTEE IS READY FOR ME.
<SIR, YOU ARE TRESPASSING ON THE KRAVINOV ESTATE. PLEASE LEAVE.>*
* TRANSLATED FROM RUSSIAN -- DANNY
<I AM HERE TO SEE VLADIMIR KRAVINOV.>
WHAT BUSINESS DO YOU HAVE WITH THE YOUNG MASTER, AMERICAN?
I HAVE SOMETHING THAT BELONGED TO HIS FATHER.
THE JOURNAL?
I'LL DISCUSS IT WITH THE BOY.
OF COURSE. PLEASE LEAVE YOUR BAG HERE.
CLIK
OF COURSE.

NICE PLACE... A LITTLE DRAFTY... BUT NICE!
NOW, WHERE DO I FIND THE LITTLE GUY?
SIR! THE LITTLE GUY...
...IS HERE!
...BUT YOU'D BE IN POSSESSION OF IT FOR SUCH A SHORT TIME, KID.
RAZOR BATS... YOUR JUGULAR... WHAT A MESS IT WOULD BE!
BESIDES, I'M NOT FOOLISH ENOUGH TO BRING THE ENTIRE JOURNAL WITH ME.
YOU SAY YOU HAVE MY FATHER'S JOURNAL.
I COULD SLIT YOUR THROAT AND TAKE IT FROM YOU.
YOU COULD...
HALF OF IT IS IN MY BAG. THE OTHER HALF WHEN WE'VE REACHED AN ARRANGEMENT.
WE WILL TALK.
GREGOR! HAVE A ROOM PREPARED FOR US.

RYKERS ISLAND...
GOT TO TAKE IT SLOW.
PLACE IS OPERATING ON EMERGENCY LIGHTING ONLY.
DEMOGOBLIN COULD BE LURKING AROUND ANY CORNER... IN ANY SHADOW.
THIS IS DEFINITELY NOT MY IDEA OF A FUN NIGHT OUT ON THE TOWN.
IT'S SO QUIET IN HERE.
PRISONERS STAYING IN THEIR CELLS... HIDING... IN FEAR FOR THEIR LIVES.
FUNNY, IN MY CURRENT STATE OF MIND, I'M HAVING A REAL HARD TIME FINDING ANY SYMPATHY FOR THEM!

COME, SINNERS!
LOOKS LIKE THIS IS THE RIGHT DIRECTION.
HIDING IS USELESS!
HOLD BACK... WAIT FOR AN OPENING.
THE ROAD TO SALVATION CAN BE YOURS...
...THROUGH DEATH!
I WILL HELP YOU FIND THIS ROAD!
LOOKS LIKE THIS IS AS MUCH OF AN OPEN NG AS I M GOING TO GET!

SPIDER-SENSE GOING CRAZY... DEMO SEES ME... BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE--
-->UGPH<--
I SEE YOU HAVE FRIENDS IN THIS DEN OF SINNERS, SPIDER-MAN.
WHO THE--?
LOOK, BUDDY, YOU CAUGHT ME IN MID-AIR WITH THE KICK. COULDN'T AVOID IT, BUT, TRUST ME...
... IT'S NOT HAPPENING AGAIN!

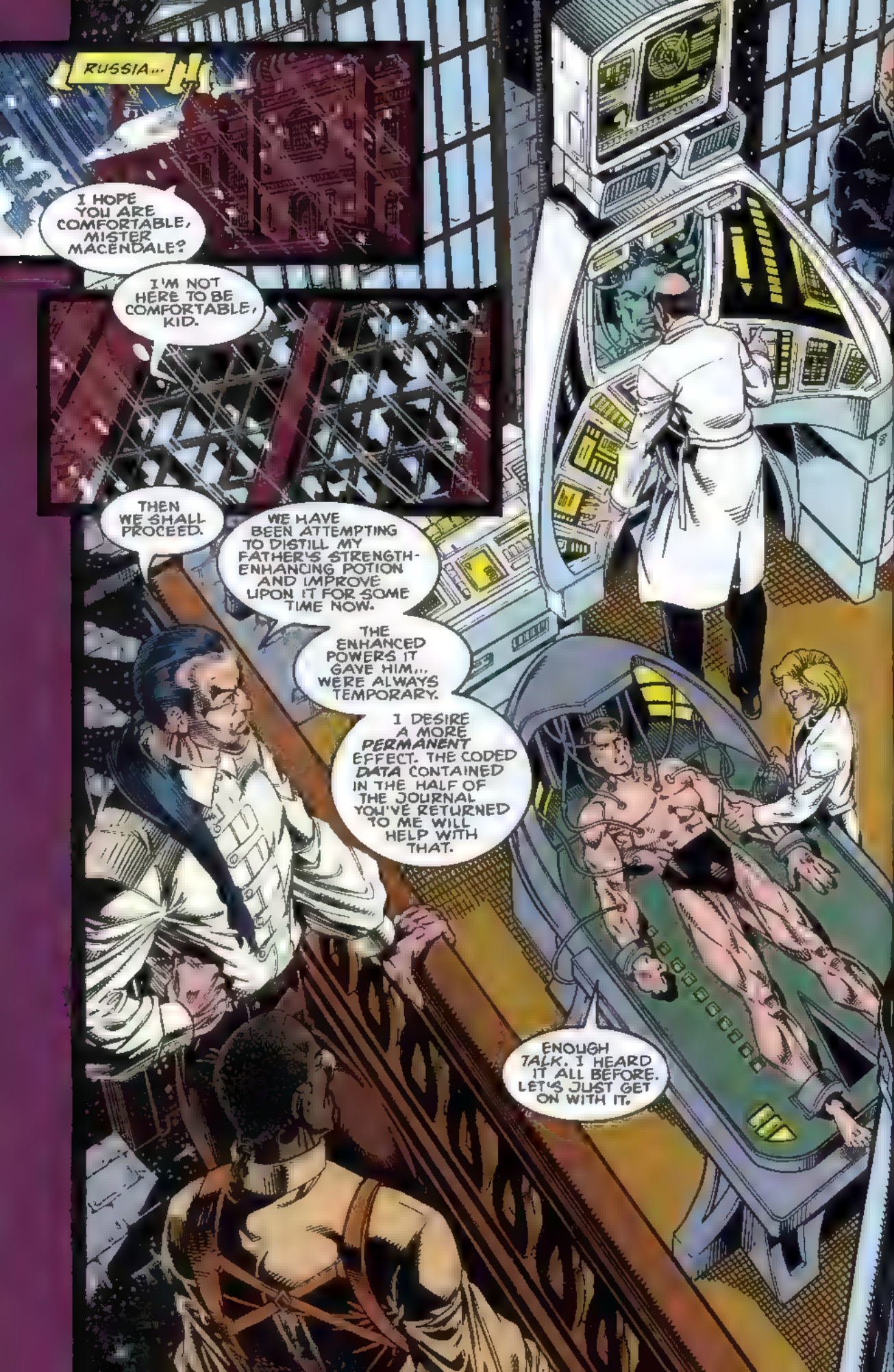
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO LEARN THE HARD WAY AREN'T YOU?
EXCUSE ME...
...YOU'LL REALLY HAVE TO FORGIVE MY ABSENTMINDEDNESS...
...AS YOU CAN SEE, I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF SOMETHING RIGHT NOW, BUT..
...WHO ARE YOU?
YEAH... YOU KNOW ME!
TAKE A CLOSER LOOK. LOSE THE EYE PATCH AND THE HAIR...
...AND YOU SEE THE FACE OF THE MAN WHO IS GOING TO KILL YOU.
RICHARD FISK?
NO. YOU'RE THE ONE THAT WAS POSING AS FISK..
. I READ ABOUT YOU IN THE PAPERS... SOMETHING ABOUT GAUNTLET AND NIGHT WATCH?
I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS NOW...
YOU HAVE ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD... SINNERS!

RUSSIA...
NOW THAT YOU HAVE WARMED YOURSELF, MISTER MACENDALE...
... I WOULD LIKE THE REMAINDER OF MY FATHER'S JOURNAL.
OF COURSE YOU WOULD, VLADIMIR.
DO NOT TRIFLE WITH ME, MACENDALE!
WOULDN'T THINK OF IT, KID.
BUT IT SEEMS LIKE WE BOTH HAVE SOMETHING THE OTHER ONE WANTS.
GREGOR! HAVE A SERVANT BRING CASH, GOLD, JEWELS TO THE ROOM.
GIVE THIS MAN AS MUCH AS HE WANTS.
SHAP
NO. I DIDN'T COME HALFWAY AROUND THE WORLD FOR MONEY.
THEN WHAT?
POWER.
THE POWER YOUR FATHER POSSESSED.
A TASTE OF THE ELIXIR YOUR FATHER USED TO GAIN HIS POWER.
WHY SHOULD I BOTHER BARGAINING WITH YOU AT ALL? YOU COME TO MY HOUSE AND OFFER TO SELL ME MY LEGACY.
WHY SHOULD I NOT TAKE IT FROM YOU?
BECAUSE... YOU COULDN'T, KID!

I WILL NOT BE SPOKEN TO IN SUCH A MANNER!
NEGOTIATIONS HAVE CEASED.
GOODBYE, MISTER MACENDALE.
EXCELLENT REFLEXES, BUT I WILL NOT MISS TWICE.
THEN I WILL TAKE A KNIFE TO YOUR WOUNDED BODY. SOON YOU WILL BE BEGGING TO TELL ME WHERE MY FATHER'S JOURNAL IS HIDDEN.
IT'S NOT GOING TO BE THAT EASY, KID. MY PUMPKIN BOMBS CAN DO SOME REAL NASTY DAMAGE TO FLESH.
YOU REALLY SHOULD TALK TO GREGOR ABOUT SECURITY.
I COULD GIVE YOU A GOOD DEAL ON SECURITY CONSULTATION.
DIE, YOU ARROGANT...
VLADIMIR, HOLD YOUR RAGE AND LISTEN TO ME. I THINK...
THIRTY SECONDS LATER...
DEAR GREGOR, MY TRUSTED ADVISOR. ALWAYS THE VOICE OF REASON.
HE HAS SHOWN ME THE ERROR OF MY WAYS, AS ALWAYS.
I HAVE BEEN HASTY, MACENDALE.
PERHAPS WE CAN COME TO AN ARRANGE-MENT, AFTER ALL.

RYKER'S ISLAND...
NOW SPIDER-MAN..
...IF I COULD HAVE A MOMENT OF YOUR TIME.
I CAN'T DO THAT.
A MERE MOMENT TO... EXPLAIN.
THIS THING I HOLD IN MY HAND WILL BE SAFE UNTIL THEN. AFTER I'M DONE YOU CAN HAVE A HAND IN DECIDING HIS FATE.
MAKE IT FAST.
THANK YOU.
IN SO MANY WAYS OUR GOALS ARE SIMILAR. I SEEK ONLY TO PERMANENTLY RID YOUR WORLD OF THE EVIL THAT PERVADES IT.
EVIL HAS THE HABIT OF REARING ITS HEAD OVER AND OVER AGAIN. THE ONLY WAY TO BE RID OF EVIL IS TO DESTROY IT.
AND THEN, WHEN THE WICKEDNESS HAS ALL BEEN ERADICATED, I WILL BE SAVED.
THE SINS OF MY PAST, MY EVIL WAYS, WILL BE FORGIVEN.
THIS IS MY MISSION.
ALLOW ME TO DEMONSTRATE ON THIS ENEMY OF YOURS

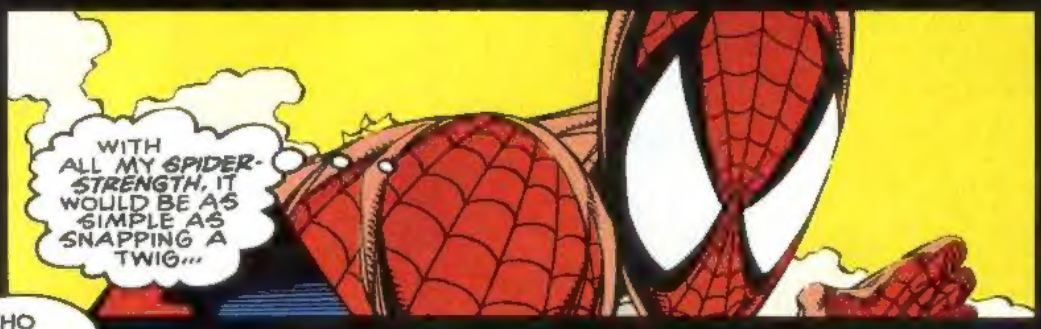
NO! DO NOT KILL HIM.
PLEASE.
IS HE YOUR ENEMY?
YES.
IS HE EVIL?
I'M ONLY A MAN... I CAN'T JUDGE... I DON'T KNOW.
I DO. HE IS. I CAN SMELL IT ON HIM.
IF I WERE NOT TO DESTROY HIM HERE TONIGHT, WOULD HE NOT CONTINUE ALONG HIS WICKED PATH?
WOULD HE NOT MAKE GOOD ON HIS VOW TO ATTEMPT TO KILL YOU?
THEY ALWAYS DO.
THEN HE MUST DIE.


RUSSIA...
I HOPE YOU ARE COMFORTABLE, MISTER MACENDALE?
I'M NOT HERE TO BE COMFORTABLE, KID.
THEN WE SHALL PROCEED.
WE HAVE BEEN ATTEMPTING TO DISTILL MY FATHER'S STRENGTH-ENHANCING POTION AND IMPROVE UPON IT FOR SOME TIME NOW.
THE ENHANCED POWERS IT GAVE HIM... WERE ALWAYS TEMPORARY.
I DESIRE A MORE *PERMANENT* EFFECT. THE CODED *DATA* CONTAINED IN THE HALF OF THE JOURNAL YOU'VE RETURNED TO ME WILL HELP WITH THAT.
ENOUGH *TALK*. I HEARD IT ALL BEFORE. LET'S JUST GET ON WITH IT.

IS THIS WISE, GREGOR?
ARE WE NOT POTENTIALLY GIVING THIS MAN GREAT POWER... MY POWER?
VLADIMIR, HE WILL NOT SURVIVE.
NONE OF THE OTHERS WE HAVE EXPERIMENTED ON HAVE LIVED.
THE RISK INVOLVED IS MINIMAL. ONLY THE SMALLEST DOSE OF THE ELIXIR DISTILLATE IS TO BE USED.
JUST ENOUGH TO DETERMINE WHETHER IT IS LETHAL TO HUMAN BLOOD CHEMISTRY...
... BUT CERTAINLY NOT ENOUGH TO GIVE HIM THE STRENGTH YOUR FATHER HAD. STRENGTH THAT BELONGS TO YOU, VLADIMIR. YOURS BY RIGHT OF BIRTH.
IF HE SURVIVES...
... A BULLET TO THE HEAD WILL SILENCE HIM FOREVER.
ENOUGH WITH THE WHISPERING...
... I'M STARTING TO GET PARANOID DOWN HERE.
I CAN SMELL A SET-UP A MILE AWAY... AND THIS IS ONE.
IF I GO, THEY GO...
BUT I HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE. WITHOUT INCREASED POWERS... IF I MUST CONTINUE ON THE WAY I HAVE BEEN ... LOSING TO SPIDER-MAN AND EVERYONE ELSE, THEN... I DON'T WANT TO LIVE.
I CAN TAKE THIS RISK GLADLY. BESIDES...
... I'VE PREPARED MY OWN SURPRISE FOR THEM.

RYKER'S ISLAND...
YOUR MOMENT IS UP. BUT I'M NOT BUYING ANY OF WHAT YOU'RE SELLING.
THWIP
THWIP
THIS WAS A MISTAKE, SPIDER-MAN.
NOT THE FIRST ONE I'VE MADE...
...I'LL GET OVER IT.
YOU, GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I HAVE SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT LETTING HIM KILL YOU!
TIME TO FINISH UP, DEMOGOBLIN!
BUT I'LL DO IT WITHOUT KILLING YOU!
THOUGH THE THOUGHT DOES HAVE SOME APPEAL.
IT'D MEAN NO MORE DOCTOR OCTOPUS!
NO MORE VENOM!
NO MORE GOBLINS!

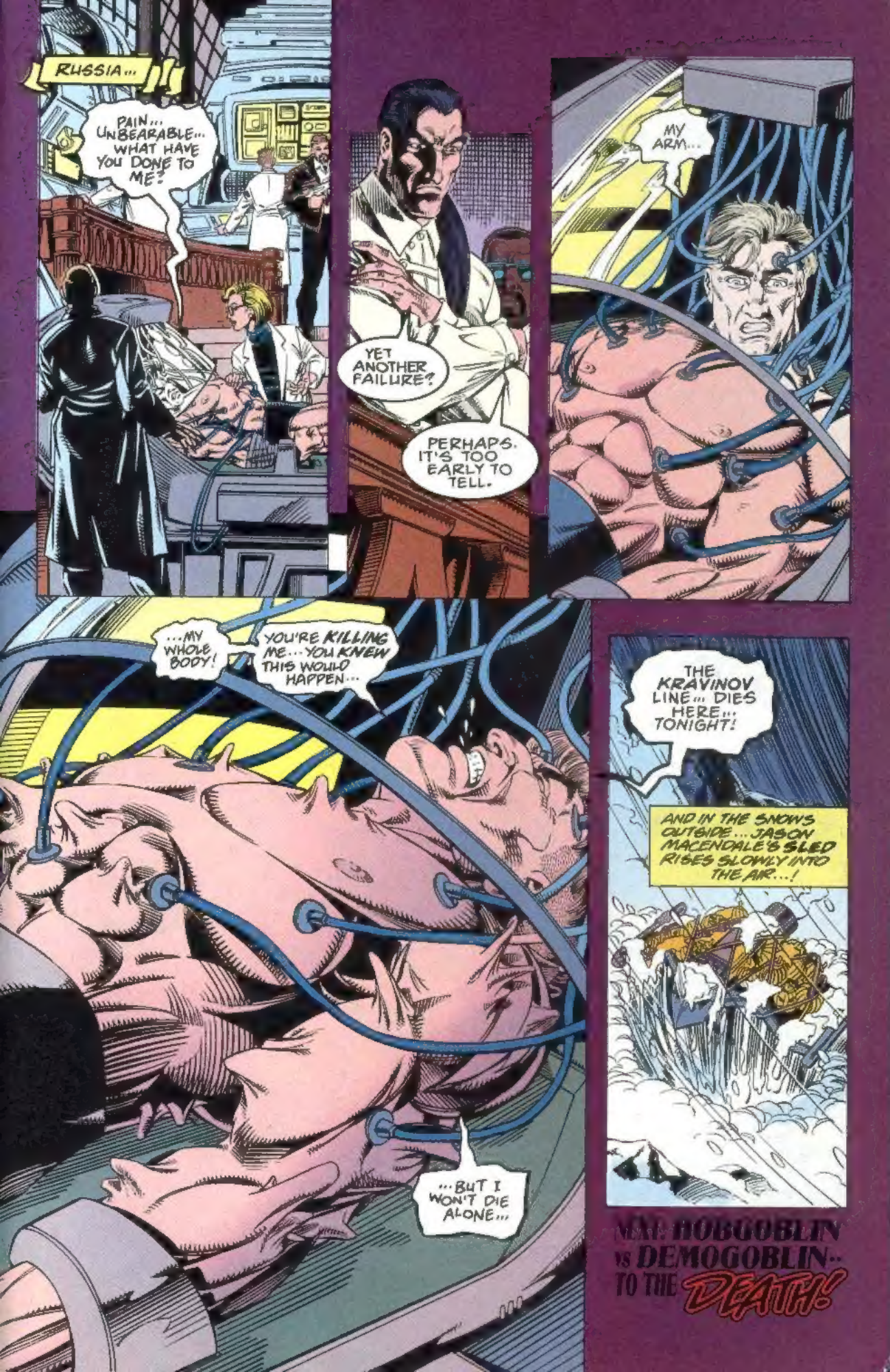
IT WOULDN'T TAKE MUCH.
IT COULD BEGIN HERE. DEMOGOBLIN ISN'T EVEN HUMAN.
ALL I'D HAVE TO DO IS STOP HOLDING BACK.


WITH ALL MY SPIDER-STRENGTH, IT WOULD BE AS SIMPLE AS SNAPPING A TWIG...

WHO AM I KIDDING?
I'M A HERO.
YOU WILL BE HOUNDED BY YOUR ENEMIES... THE SINNERS... UNTIL THE END OF YOUR DAYS.
GUESS IT'S SOMETHING ELSE I'LL HAVE TO LEARN TO LIVE WITH.
BESIDES... WE'RE ALL SINNERS IN OUR OWN WAY.
THAT'S WHAT WORRIES ME ABOUT GUYS LIKE YOU... YOU WON'T STOP UNTIL WE'RE ALL DEAD.

WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE...
...NONE BUT THE PURE WILL LIVE.
IF SUCH A PERSON EXISTS!
YOU TWO! GET OUT OR GET DOWN!
THERE ARE TOO MANY PUMPKIN BOMBS!
I DON'T KNOW IF THE WEBBING WILL BE ABLE TO CONTAIN THE EXPLOSION...
THWIP
THWIP
...AND HOLD THE FALLING DEBRIS!
I SAID...
...GET DOWN!
FWKOOM

IT'S HOLDING...
...THANK GOD.
BUT, BEFORE I GO...
LOOK! I KNOW YOU AND I AREN'T FINISHED.
NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES I BEAT YOU DOWN... YOU'LL KEEP POPPING BACK INTO MY LIFE.
BUT DO YOUR-SELF A FAVOR...
...AND STAY OUT OF MY FACE FOR A WHILE...
...OTHER-WISE I MAY NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HAPPENS!


RUSSIA...
PAIN... UNBEARABLE... WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME?
YET ANOTHER FAILURE?
PERHAPS. IT'S TOO EARLY TO TELL.
MY ARM...
...MY WHOLE BODY!
YOU'RE KILLING ME... YOU KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN...
...BUT I WON'T DIE ALONE...
THE KRAVINOV LINE... DIES HERE... TONIGHT!
AND IN THE SNOWS OUTSIDE... JASON MACENDALE'S SLED RISES SLOWLY INTO THE AIR...!
NEXT: HOBGOBLIN vs DEMOGOBLIN... TO THE DEATH!